MARVEL® COMICS

PETER PARKER

SPIDER-MAN®

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#31

#129

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One Small Break

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THERE ARE VERY FEW CERTAINTIES IN LIFE -- ONE OF THEM BEING THAT LIFE IS *FULL* OF UNCERTAINTIES.

WHY IS IT THE ONLY THING I *CAN* BE SURE OF THESE DAYS IS THAT ALL THE REALLY *HARD* QUESTIONS BEGIN WITH "*WHY?*"

AS IN, "*WHY DO I KEEP DOING THIS TO MYSELF?*"

TAKE THIS GUY, FUSION, FOR EXAMPLE. JUST ANOTHER NUTZOID WHO HAPPENS TO WALTZ IN ARMED WITH EVERY SUPER-POWER EVER INVENTED, AND PROCEEDS TO CLEAN MY CLOCK ON NATIONAL TELEVISION, RIGHT?

WRONG. THE GUY WAS BIGGER, STRONGER, FASTER AND *BETTER* THAN ME...AND WORST OF ALL, HE DIDN'T SO MUCH AS REGISTER A *BLIP* ON MY SPIDER-SENSE.

NEITHER DID THE *BOMB* HE DROPPED ON THE BUILDING BELOW US -- NOT UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE. THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE DIED BECAUSE OF FUSION'S HATRED FOR ME. AND I NEVER EVEN SAW IT *COMING*.

ALL OF WHICH MAKES ME ASK "*WHY?*" WHY DO I PUT ON THE MASK -- DAY IN AND DAY OUT -- ONLY TO SUFFER THE ABUSE OF AN INDIFFERENT PUBLIC AND THE OCCASIONAL ROUND OF POLICE GUNFIRE?

SOMETIMES, I JUST WANT TO SHOUT FROM THE ROOFTOPS, "*HEY! MY NAME IS PETER PARKER AND I'M TRYING MY BEST UP HERE.*"

IT'S TIMES LIKE THESE I JUST WISH I COULD COME *CLEAN*.

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I DON'T KNOW... MAYBE THIS WHOLE HERO THING IS JUST IN MY *NATURE.* IT'S AS IF I'M ADDICTED TO MARTYRDOM, OR SOMETHING.

BUT I CAN'T HELP WONDERING HOW MANY OTHER PEOPLE WOULD DO WHAT I DO? WHO'D PERFORM A NOBLE, SELFLESS ACT -- JUST ONCE, WITHOUT TAKING CREDIT FOR IT?

COFFEE

WHAT DOES IT SAY ABOUT ME THAT I DO IT EVERY *DAY?*

HI,
THIS IS PETER.
I'M STILL SETTLING INTO MY NEW DIGS, SO I'M EITHER WORKING, OUT FORAGING FOR FOOD, OR TRAPPED UNDER DEBRIS.
LEAVE A MESSAGE AND I'LL GET BACK TO YOU WHEN THE DUST CLEARS.

COFFEE

BEEEEP

HI, PETER! IT'S CARYN EARLE FROM ACROSS THE WAY. Y'KNOW... YOUR NEW NEIGHBOR?

LISTEN, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD DO ME A FAVOR? I'M GOING OUT OF TOWN AND I WON'T BE BACK FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS. I WAS HOPING YOU COULD FEED BARKER FOR ME WHILE I'M GONE?

HE'S SUCH A GOOD BOY -- I KNOW HE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE. HE REALLY SEEMS TO LIKE YOU A LOT, Y'KNOW.

PLEASE? IT'D BE SUCH A HELP. I'LL TALK TO YOU. BYE!

NOT IF YOU PAID ME A MILLION BUCKS, BLONDIE.

NOPE. FOR ONE AFTERNOON, THE OLD PARKER CONSCIENCE IS ON VACATION, TRANSFERRING ITS OFFICIAL DUTIES OVER TO THE PARKER DIGESTIVE SYSTEM...

MENU

MM... CHOICES, CHOICES. "PORK WITH TINKLING BELLS." DO I DARE...?

DONK

OH, GREAT. NICE *HANDS*, RIPKEN --

KNOCK KNOCK

HI, PETER...I SAW YOU WERE IN, SO I CAME OVER! IT'S CARYN! FROM ACROSS THE *WAY!*

UH, YEAH... I KNOW. CAN YOU GIVE ME A SECOND, CARYN?

I CAN'T HEAR YOU -- WHAT'D YOU SAY?

I SAID, *"DON'T COME IN!"*

OH, OKAY.

YOU DID SAY "COME IN," RIGHT?

ERM. NOT RIGHT AT THE MOMENT, NO. I WASN'T, UH... *EXPECTING* ANYONE.

I MEAN, Y'KNOW... I'M HARDLY DRESSED FOR IT.

YOU LOOK FINE FROM WHERE I'M STANDING. DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME -- I'M NOT OFFENDED BY NUDITY.

GOOD FOR YOU. LISTEN, CARYN --

COFFEE

SAY, YOU GOT ANY SODA IN THE FRIDGE? I'M PARCHED.

YOU LOOK A LOT FITTER CLOSE UP, PETER. WHERE D'YOU WORK OUT?

OH, UH... ALL *OVER,* REALLY.

NY

MM. I CAN TELL.

SO, LISTEN... DID YOU GET MY MESSAGE? ABOUT *BARKER,* I MEAN...?

UM. YEAH, ABOUT THAT --

OH, PLEASE, PETER? *PLEASE?* I PROMISE IT'LL ONLY BE THIS ONE TIME. I HAVE TO GO TO VEGAS FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS.

VEGAS, HUH? YOU TAKING A VACATION?

WORK, SILLY.

OFFEE

OH. *RIGHT.*

SO, WHAT D'YOU SAY? WILL YOU LOOK AFTER BARKER? HE DOESN'T GO TO THE BATHROOM MUCH, AS LONG AS YOU GIVE HIM *DRY* FOOD...

IT'S *ME,* I SWEAR IT IS. MAYBE I HAVE SOME KIND OF INVISIBLE *SUCKER* SIGN HANGING OVER MY HEAD. I MEAN, NO ONE ELSE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD PUT UP WITH THIS.

THE QUESTION IS, *WHY?* WHAT IS IT THAT DRIVES ME TO ALWAYS DO THE RIGHT THING?

MAYBE I JUST CAN'T *HELP* IT.

OKAY.

PEOPLE OF NEW YORK: MY NAME IS FUSION.

I HEREBY CLAIM RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE RECENT BOMBING OF THE EDGAR TOWER WHICH HAS TAKEN THE LIVES OF THREE HUNDRED OF YOUR FELLOW CITIZENS.

I WANT YOU ALL TO ASK YOURSELF ONE SIMPLE QUESTION TODAY: **WHY?** WHY WOULD A MAN RAIN SUCH DEATH AND DESTRUCTION UPON OUR FAIR CITY WHEN WE HAVE DONE NO WRONG?

MY RESPONSE IS EQUALLY SIMPLE: THIS WAS NOT THE WORK OF JUST ONE MAN. FOR AS SURELY AS I PREPARED THE DEVICE, IT CAN BE SAID THAT THE COSTUMED "HERO," SPIDER-MAN, SUPPLIED THE IMPETUS FOR ITS CONSTRUCTION.

A SOMEWHAT **BIZARRE** STATEMENT, THEN, FROM THIS ALLEGED PERPETRATOR OF DOMESTIC TERRORISM -- THE SUPER-VILLAIN KNOWN TO US ONLY AS FUSION.

LIVE HERE AT THE NINETEENTH PRECINCT, I HAVE WITH ME NOTED CRIMINOLOGIST, DR. ANDREW McCULLOUGH...

YES, VERY BIZARRE INDEED...GIVEN THAT WITNESSES CLEARLY OBSERVED SPIDER-MAN MAKING A CONCERTED EFFORT TO STOP THE BOMBING, RISKING HIS OWN LIFE IN THE PROCESS.

FROM FUSION'S STATEMENTS, WE CAN INFER THAT HE BLAMES SPIDER-MAN FOR SOME PREVIOUS TRANSGRESSION, IMAGINED OR OTHERWISE.

THIS BRINGS UP AN INTERESTING QUESTION, ONE THAT HAS BEEN ASKED MANY TIMES BEFORE: HAD THERE BEEN NO SPIDER-MAN, WOULD THERE HAVE BEEN NO BOMBING ALSO?

I WOULD SAY OPINIONS ARE VARIED... EVEN IF SPIDER-MAN IS MERELY A TARGET OF THIS MAN'S FIXATION, HIS VERY PRESENCE IN THE CITY HAS GIVEN A LOT OF PEOPLE CAUSE FOR CONCERN --

ANY WAY WE CAN GET SOME MILEAGE OUT OF THIS, ROBBIE? CAN WE USE THIS ANGLE TO GO AFTER SPIDER-MAN?

NOT LIKELY, CHIEF. LOOKS LIKE THE NETWORKS HAVE IT PRETTY WELL COVERED.

RUN IT ON PAGE *SEVEN*, THEN.

AND SO, ONE WOULD EXPECT SOME VERY DIFFICULT QUESTIONS ARE GOING TO BE RAISED ABOUT THE WALL-CRAWLING VIGILANTE, WHO SEEMS TO HAVE BECOME A FIXTURE IN THE CITY OVER THE LAST FEW YEARS.

NYPD

REPORTING LIVE FROM THE NINETEENTH PRECINCT, THIS IS BRENT WILLIFORD. NOW, BACK TO THE STUDIO...

NYNEWS

THANKS, BRENT... AND IN A FURTHER DEVELOPMENT, POLICE HAVE RELEASED A SECOND PORTION OF THE VIDEOTAPE WHICH APPEARS TO BE AIMED DIRECTLY AT SPIDER-MAN HIMSELF...

...ALTHOUGH WHETHER OR NOT THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK IS **WATCHING** THIS BROADCAST, ONLY TIME WILL TELL.

COFFEE

TO THE INSECT KNOWN AS SPIDER-MAN, I HEREBY ISSUE A CHALLENGE: I HAVE DEFEATED YOU IN BATTLE ONCE. WILL YOU FACE ME A SECOND TIME?

THE FATE OF THOUSANDS IS IN YOUR HANDS. IF YOU IGNORE THIS... **INVITATION,** OTHERS WILL MOST ASSUREDLY DIE. THERE IS NOTHING THAT CAN BE DONE TO STOP ME.

AT THIS MOMENT, A HUNDRED DEVICES SIMILAR TO THE ONE THAT DESTROYED THE EDGAR BUILDING ARE SPREAD ACROSS THE CITY AT RANDOM, READY TO BE DETONATED UNLESS YOU FIND THE COURAGE TO SACRIFICE YOURSELF TO ME.

YOU HAVEN'T THE CAPACITY TO STAND AGAINST ME, SPIDER-MAN. AND YET STAND AGAINST ME YOU MUST. ONLY **YOU** HAVE THE REQUISITE PIECES OF THE PUZZLE TO UNDERSTAND WHAT TO DO NEXT .

YOU WILL KNOW WHERE TO GO, IF YOU CONSIDER THE INFORMATION I SUPPLIED TO YOU DURING OUR LAST ENCOUNTER.

THING

MEET ME --

CLICK

-- WHERE THE ANGELS FALL.

"WHERE THE ANGELS FALL." OLD FUSION'S PROVING TO BE ABOUT AS SUBTLE AS A PORCUPINE IN A BALLOON FACTORY, JUST LIKE MOST OF THE SUPER-VILLAINS I SEEM TO RUN INTO.

JUDGING BY THE INFORMATION HE SLIPPED ME AT THE EDGAR TOWER, IT'S CLEAR FUSION BLAMES ME FOR THE DEATH OF A CHILD -- PROBABLY HIS SON. HE SAID THE BOY TRIED TO COPY ME BY SWINGING OFF A WAREHOUSE ATTACHED TO A PIECE OF STRING.

THE INFORMATION AS TO THE CHILD'S IDENTITY WILL BE HERE -- HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THE MICROFICHE READERS AT THE MIDTOWN PUBLIC LIBRARY.

GOTCHA!

NEW YORK STAR

OUR CHILDREN AT RISK IN NY?

ATTEN BANK ROBBERY

RTED BY COSTUMED

ANTE SPIDERMAN

SPIDER FAN!

BABY SAVED FROM HOUSE FIRE HORROR

CRASH!

HERO OR ZERO ?

SPIDERMAN A MONSTER?

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER FACED THE SHEER WEIGHT OF NEWSPAPER ARTICLES DEDICATED TO MY ALTER EGO. IT'S MORE MATERIAL THAN I EVER THOUGHT EXISTED.

I GUESS I'VE TENDED TO *AVOID* DOING THIS KIND OF THING...

CHILD DIES IN TRAGIC ACCIDENT

By JAMES FLETCHER
STAR STAFF WRITER

Long before a wayward child playing in the shipyard district of the West Side docklands reaches the abandoned warehouses, there are signs warning of danger ahead.

For nine-year-old Jeremy Markley, these signs merely suggested a thousand potential adventures lying in wait as he attempted to emulate his favorite New York city hero; the vigilante Spider-Man. Jeremy was killed late Thursday afternoon as he attempted to swing from the top of a disused meat storage facility using a piece of string.

...DUE TO THE EXTREME LIKELIHOOD I WON'T ALWAYS BE HAPPY WITH WHAT I *FIND*.

HI. I NEED A COPY OF THIS, PLEASE.

WELL, WELL... LOOK WHO IT *AIN'T.* YOU LOOK PRETTY TICKED-OFF, PARKER.

WHAT, YOU JUST FIND OUT YOU'RE A *GEEK,* OR SOMETHING?

GOTCHA. HAD YOU WORRIED FOR A MOMENT THERE, HUH?

YEAH. LONG TIME, NO SEE, FLASH.

LUCKY YOU.

I HEARD ABOUT MARY JANE. MAN, YOU GOTTA BE THE UNLUCKIEST SAP ON THE *PLANET* AT THIS POINT.

HOW YOU GET A BABE LIKE THAT AND KEEP LOSING TRACK OF HER IS BEYOND MY COMPREHENSION --

WELL, MOST THINGS *ARE* BEYOND YOUR COMPREHENSION, FLASH. SHE WENT TO CALIFORNIA FOR A WHILE.

I *KNOW* SHE DID. LISTEN, I JUST WANTED TO SAY I KNOW IT'LL ALL WORK OUT FOR THE *BEST,* OKAY?

YOU'LL GET BY -- YOU ALWAYS *DO.*

IT'S LIKE... YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO JOB? I MEAN, THERE WAS ONE UNLUCKY DUDE, BUT HE KEPT ON GOING AN' IT ALL WORKED OUT IN THE END. HE LIVED TO BE A HUNDRED AND FORTY.

JOB? YOU MEAN JOB AS IN, "THE HOLY BIBLE JOB"? THE ONE WHO WAS PUT THROUGH ALL THE TRIALS?

YEAH, THAT'S THE ONE. I FIGURE YOU'RE A LOT LIKE HIM, IN A WAY. ONLY WITHOUT ALL THE DEAD COWS.

Y'KNOW, YOU NEVER CEASE TO AMAZE ME, FLASH. THERE I WAS THINKING YOU WERE AS SHALLOW AS A PUDDLE, AND YOU TURN AROUND AND PULL THIS STUFF ON ME.

I ALWAYS FIGURED THE ONLY READING YOU EVER DID WAS IN THE PAGES OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED AND ON THE WALLS OF PUBLIC LAVATORIES.

WELL, YOU KNOW -- I BEEN DOING A LOT OF READING LATELY, TRYING TO WORK OUT SOME STUFF ABOUT MYSELF. IT'S AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN PICK UP IN A BOOK IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.

YEAH... YEAH, IT IS.

THANKS, FLASH -- YOU ACTUALLY MADE MY DAY A LITTLE EASIER. I MEAN IT.

MY PLEASURE. YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, OKAY, PARKER?

SUCKER.

CliffsNotes

NEW!

The Bible

AMAZING, ISN'T IT, HOW YOU CAN KNOW SOMEONE FOR *YEARS* AND STILL LEARN SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THEM AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT.

AS I HEAD TOWARDS MY NOT-SO DREAM DATE WITH FUSION, I CAN'T HELP WONDERING ABOUT THE WHOLE QUESTION OF WHAT IT REALLY TAKES TO BE A HERO.

MAYBE THERE'S A MESSAGE IN HERE SOMEWHERE: MAYBE EVERYONE HAS THE CAPACITY FOR INNER STRENGTH.

EVEN A GOOBER LIKE *FLASH.*

BUT THAT'S THE *POINT*, SEE? IF FLASH CAN PUT HIS DEMONS ASIDE, *ANYONE* CAN.

I'VE SEEN HIM IN HIS LOWEST MOMENTS, FIGHTING AS MUCH AGAINST *HIMSELF* AS THE ELEVATED LEVELS OF ALCOHOL IN HIS BLOODSTREAM.

COME TO THINK OF IT, FLASH AND I SHARE A COMMON EXPERIENCE IN MANY WAYS: OUR RESPECTIVE BATTLES ARE DAILY EVENTS, AFTER ALL.

YOU NEVER KNOW JUST HOW SOMEONE'S TRYING THEIR HARDEST TO DO THE RIGHT THING.

AND OF COURSE, THERE'S ALWAYS A *FLIPSIDE*.

IF THIS HAD BEEN A MISUNDERSTANDING, I'D HAVE BEEN INCLINED TO GO ***EASY*** ON YOU, MARKLEY. I WANT YOU TO KNOW RIGHT NOW, THE KID GLOVES ARE OFF. NO JOKES, NO SNAPPY BANTER. YOU MURDERED THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE --

IF YOU HADN'T KILLED MY BOY, THOSE PEOPLE WOULD STILL BE ALIVE, SPIDER-MAN. MY HATRED FOR YOU MERELY PLACED THE EXPLOSIVES. YOUR EXISTENCE PRIMED THE BOMB.

SORRY, PAL...I'M NOT BITING. I ***KNOW*** PEOPLE LIKE YOU. IF I'D NEVER BEEN BORN, SOONER OR LATER, YOU WOULD'VE FOUND ANOTHER PATSY TO BLAME.

YOUR EXPERT DENIAL BELIES YOUR TRUE FEELINGS, SPIDER-MAN. YOU ***KNOW*** WHAT YOU TOOK FROM ME WAS MORE THAN I COULD EVER TAKE FROM YOU.

THAT'S THE KIND OF SMURF LOGIC WHICH MAKES ***YOU*** A VILLAIN AND ***ME*** A HERO.

I'M SORRY FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR SON, I TRULY AM --

LIAR!

YOU STOLE JEREMY'S LIFE, SPIDER-MAN. AND FOR THAT, *YOUR* LIFE BECOMES FORFEIT --

SLAM

AA-UHH!

OOOOW!

...HHH...LISTEN TO ME, MARKLEY...IT NEVER HAD TO *BE* THIS WAY. IT COULD ALWAYS HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT --

WHAT DO *YOU* KNOW, YOU TIRED EXCUSE FOR A HUMAN BEING? YOU DON'T KNOW MY MIND...

...AND YOU DON'T KNOW MY *HEART* --!

WHAM

UHH...I KNOW YOU BETTER THAN YOU *THINK*, PAL. YOU FIT THE MOLD PERFECTLY: ALL YOUR ANGER'S DRIVEN BY A SERIES OF CONVENIENT *EXCUSES* --

SHUT UP! I'LL *KILL* YOU!

BURN.

FOOOSH

AAH!

WELL, WELL... AS THEY SAY: EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY.

YOU JUST HAD YOURS.

-:AH-HUHH:- EASIER TO SCREAM THAN TO *THINK*, HUH, FUSION?

WHACK

COME ON, THEN, DOUGHBOY. LET'S SEE IF YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO *SWING* A LITTLE.

YOU'RE MERELY PROLONGING THE INEVITABLE, SPIDER-MAN. I CAN FOLLOW YOU WHEREVER YOU GO.

BUT I AM *FASTER* --

-- AND I WANT YOU DEAD MORE THAN YOU WANT TO BE *ALIVE.*

THWIP

BOOM

UHNN --!

I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF HE ISN'T ***RIGHT***: I'VE BEEN AROUND ENOUGH OF THESE SUPERLOONS TO KNOW WHEN I MIGHT BE FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE.

HE'S QUICKER THAN LIGHTNING. FEELS LIKE I'M WEARING LEAD WEIGHTS IN COMPARISON.

UHH!

CRASH

...NNN...KEEP IT UP, DILLWEED. I...I GOT THREE HUNDRED REASONS TO PROVE YOU WRONG...

MM. I'D HOPED TO GAIN SOME SMALL SATISFACTION FROM THIS MOMENT, SPIDER-MAN. BUT YOU'VE PROVEN TO BE A MILD DISAPPOINTMENT AT BEST.

I SHOULD HAVE ***KNOWN*** YOU WOULDN'T HAVE THE PASSION FOR THIS CONFLICT THAT I DID --

DON'T EXPECT ME TO BE IMPRESSED -- YOU DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE THE MOMENT YOU ARRIVED.

YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO CONTINUE, SPIDER-MAN, YET YOU CARRY ON REGARDLESS. I COMMEND YOU FOR YOUR STUBBORN ATTACHMENT TO A LIFE OF *FUTILITY*.

BUT YOU ARE ALREADY FINISHED. YOU'RE NOTHING AGAINST THE MIGHT OF MY POWERS.

WHAT IF YOU HAD TO FACE THE HULK... WHAT WOULD YOU DO THEN?

WHAT IF THE HULK COULD MOVE WITH THE SPEED OF QUICKSILVER...

...OR WAS ABLE TO DISTORT REALITY LIKE MYSTERIO?

WHAT IF YOUR ADVERSARY HAD ALL THOSE POWERS, SPIDER-MAN...

...AND COULD BECOME *INVISIBLE?*

UHH...YOU REALLY THINK THIS MAKES A ***DIFFERENCE,*** FUSION? TIME TO STOP KIDDING YOURSELF.

IF JEREMY HADN'T DIVED OFF THE BUILDING, WHAT'S THE BETTING IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MOMMY'S DRINKING OR THAT TIME DADDY TOOK AWAY ALL OF YOUR TOYS --

BEHIND YOU, CRETIN.

HH-***AHH!***

WHAT'S WRONG, SPIDER-MAN?

HAVING TROUBLE SEEING STRAIGHT?

I CAN'T...GET A HANDLE ON THIS GUY. SOMEHOW, HE CAN AFFECT MY SPIDER-SENSE.

I KEEP THINKING I'VE ***GOT*** HIM, AND THEN...

...AND THEN, YOU ***LOSE.***

WHACK

IT ALL HAPPENS IN SLOW MOTION. I CATCH THE ENTIRE BRUNT OF FUSION'S BLOW FLUSH ON THE JAW -- IT SENDS ME BACKWARDS AS IF I RAN INTO A STEAMROLLER AT TWO HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR.

CONSCIOUSNESS FADING...I'M SUDDENLY LOST IN A SEA OF QUESTIONS, ALL BEGINNING WITH *WHY?*

WHY DID I EVER IMAGINE I COULD TAKE THIS GUY OUT? WHY NOT LISTEN TO WHAT MY INSTINCTS WERE TELLING ME?

I SHOULD'VE HAD THE SENSE TO STAND DOWN...BUT IT'S NOT AS THOUGH I EVER HAD THE SMARTS TO STAND DOWN BEFORE.

SPIDER-SENSE SUDDENLY SCREAMING. A TERRIBLE REALIZATION HITS HOME:

IT'S AN IMPOSSIBLE, UNFATHOMABLE CRASH COURSE IN REALITY AS I LAND, SMASHING CONCRETE BRICKWORK BENEATH ME.

I KNOW WITH UTMOST CERTAINTY THIS IS ONE TIME I'M GOING TO ***HAVE*** TO ADMIT DEFEAT.

I'M NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO STAND AND FACE FUSION AGAIN. NOT ***THIS*** TIME.

NOT WITH A BROKEN *NECK.*

TO BE CONCLUDED